



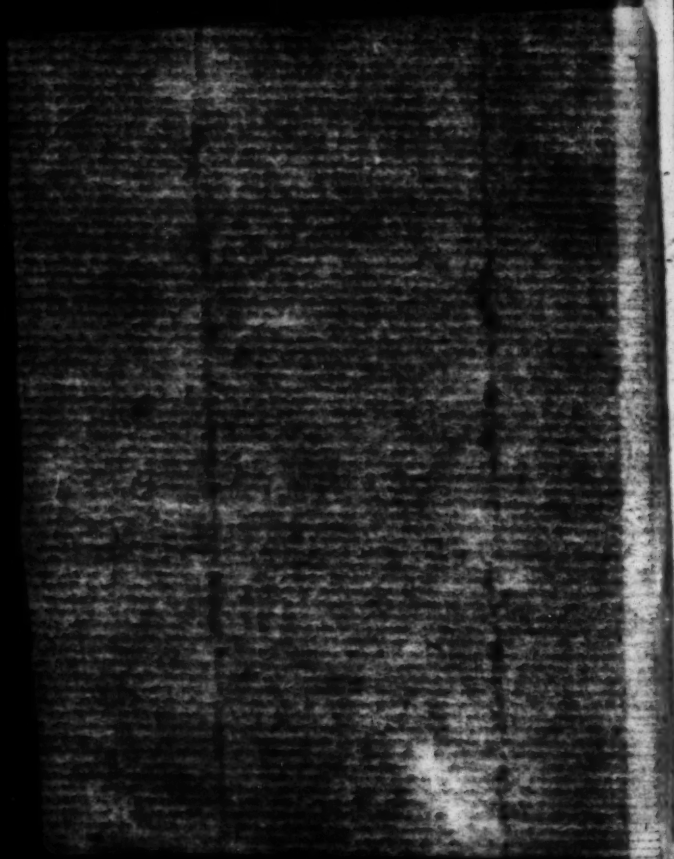
JAMES THOMSON.

Ætatis 26.

Engraved by Elcock from an Original Picture by Adami.
Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Feb^y 24 1778.



1778.



**BELL'S EDITION,
THE PORTS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAPCEK to CHURCHILL.**

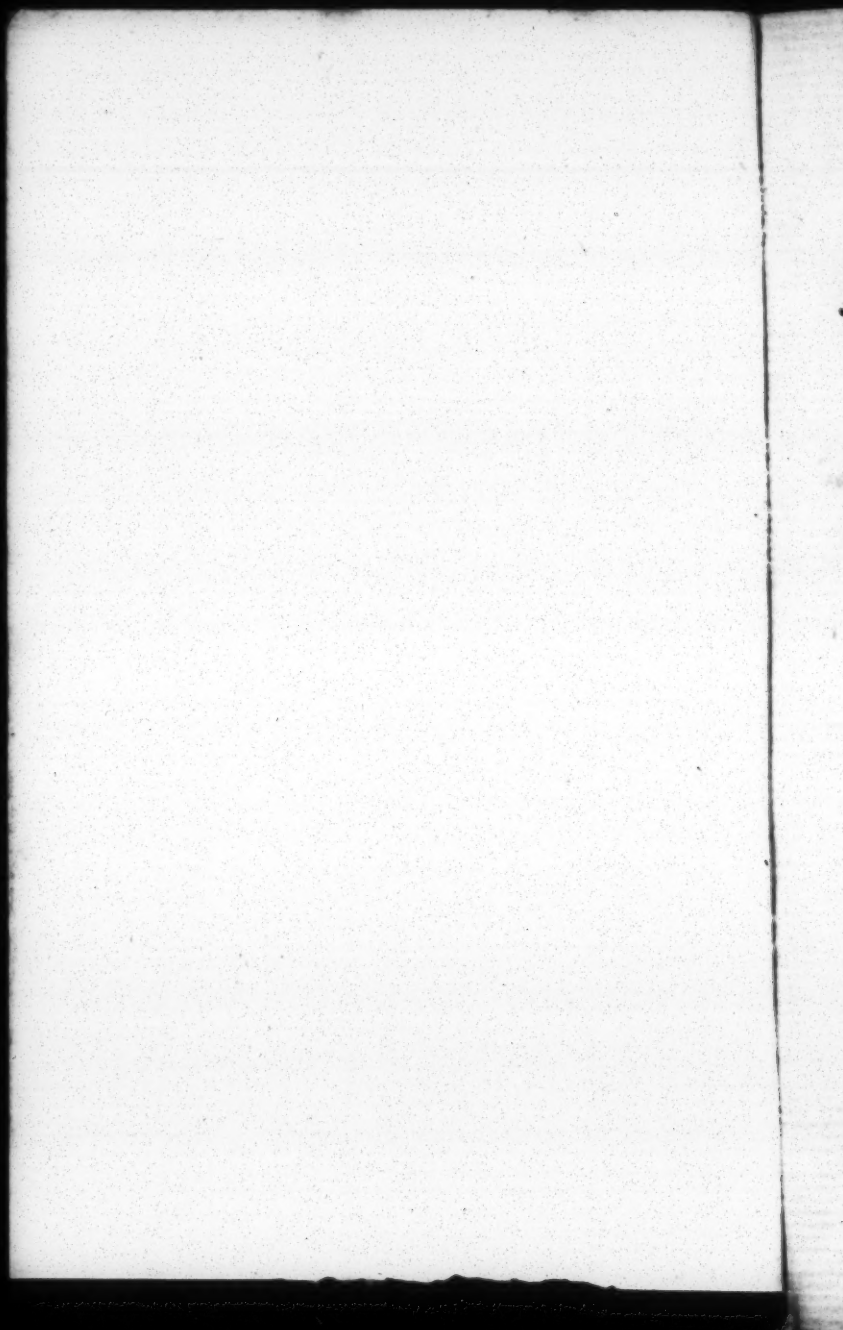


SEASONS.

Martin's del.

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London Printed for John Bell British Library Strand Feb: 16. 1787.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES THOMSON.

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

FROM THE ROYAL QUARTO EDITION OF 1762.

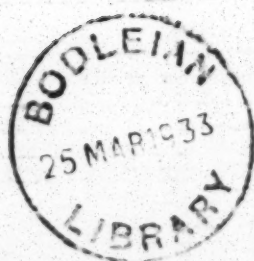
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead,
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.—
Such was the Man—the Poet well you know;
Oft' has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:—
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre,
None but the noblest passions to inspire:
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.—
PROL. TO CORIOL.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY *Wm* AND *Couchman*, MOORFIELDS.

Anno 1787.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES THOMSON.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS
S E A S O N S.

VIZ.

SPRING,

SUMMER,



AUTUMN,

WINTER.

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.—
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent,—
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll'd! &c.
HYMN.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY *Key* AND *Couchman*, MOORFIELDS.

Anno 1787.

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THE LIFE OF
JAMES THOMSON.

IT is commonly said that the life of a good writer is best read in his works, which can scarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits: the distinguishing character of his mind, his ruling passion, at least, will there appear undisguised. But however just this observation may be, and altho' we might safely rest Mr. Thomson's fame as a good man, as well as a man of genius, on this sole footing, yet the desire which the public always shews of being more particularly acquainted with the history of an eminent author ought not to be disappointed, as it proceeds not from mere curiosity, but chiefly from affection and gratitude to those by whom they have been entertained and instructed.

To give some account of a deceased friend is often a piece of justice, likewise, which ought not to be refused to his memory, to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which officious biographers are so apt to collect and propagate: and we may add, that the circumstances of an author's life will sometimes throw the best light upon his writings, instances whereof we shall meet with in the following pages.

Mr. Thomson was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, in the year 1700. His father, minister of that place, was but little known

beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood, but highly respected by them for his piety and his diligence in the pastoral duty, as appeared afterwards in their kind offices to his widow and orphan family.

The reverend Messrs. Riccarton and Gusthart particularly, took a most affectionate and friendly part in all their concerns. The former, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, had very early discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement: he undertook, therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, corrected his performances, and was daily rewarded with the pleasure of seeing his labour so happily employed.

The other reverend gentleman, Mr. Gusthart, who is still living *, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and senior of the Chapel-Royal, was no less serviceable to Mrs. Thomson in the management of her little affairs, which, after the decease of her husband, burdened as she was with a family of nine children, required the prudent counsels and assistance of that faithful and generous friend.

Sir William Bennet likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with our young Poet, and used to invite him to pass

* This life was first published in the year 1767.

the summer vacation at his country-seat, a scene of life which Mr. Thomson always remembered with particular pleasure: but what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir William and Mr. Riccarton, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new-year's day, committing his little pieces to the flames in their due order, and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humourously recited the several grounds of their condemnation.

After the usual course of school education, under an able master at Jedburgh, Mr. Thomson was sent to the University of Edinburgh: but in the second year of his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father, who was carried off so suddenly, that it was not possible for Mr. Thomson, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree, and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

Mrs. Thomson, whose maiden name was Hume, and who was co-heiress of a small estate in the country, did not sink under this misfortune. She consulted her friend Mr. Guthart; and having, by his advice, mortgaged her moiety of the farm, repaired with her family to Edinburgh, where she lived in a frugal decent manner, till her favourite son had not only finished his academical course, but was even distinguished and patronized as a man of genius. She was, herself, a

person of uncommon natural endowments, possessed of every social and domestic virtue, with an imagination for vivacity and warmth scarce inferior to her son's, and which raised her devotional exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

But whatever advantage Mr. Thomson might derive from the complexion of his parent, it is certain he owed much to a religious education; and that his early acquaintance with the Sacred Writings contributed greatly to that sublime by which his works will be for ever distinguished. In his first pieces, the Seasons, we see him at once assume the majestic freedom of an Eastern writer, seizing the grand images as they rise, clothing them in his own expressive language, and preserving, throughout, the grace, the variety, and the dignity, which belong to a just composition, unhurt by the stiffness of formal method.

About this time the study of poetry was become general in Scotland, the best English authors being universally read, and imitations of them attempted. Addison had lately displayed the beauties of Milton's immortal work, and his Remarks on it, together with Mr. Pope's celebrated Essay, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the best poets and critics.

But the most learned critic is not always the best judge of poetry, taste being a gift of Nature, the want of which Aristotle and Bossu cannot supply, nor even the study of the best originals, when the reader's fa-

culties are not tuned in a certain consonance to those of the poet; and this happened to be the case with certain learned gentlemen into whose hands a few of Mr. Thomson's first essays had fallen. Some inaccuracies of style, and those luxuriances which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and censure; so far, indeed, they might be competent judges, but the fire and enthusiasm of the poet had entirely escaped their notice. Mr. Thomson, however, conscious of his own strength, was not discouraged by this treatment, especially as he had some friends, on whose judgment he could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances: only, from that time, he began to turn his views towards London, where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement; and an accident soon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

The divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman universally respected and beloved, and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care by his kind offices, his candour and affability. Our Author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required.

but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton, as his custom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most masterly striking parts of it; but at last, turning to Mr. Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr. Thomson to understand, that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious, even though the Church had been more his free choice than probably it was: so that having, soon after, received some encouragement from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's, then in London, he quickly prepared himself for his journey: and although this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, it served, for the present, as a good pretext, to cover the imprudence of committing himself to the wide world, unfriended and unpatronized, and with the slender stock of money he was then possessed of.

But his merit did not long lie concealed. Mr. Forbes, afterwards Lord President of the Session, then attending the service of Parliament, having seen a specimen of Mr. Thomson's poetry in Scotland, received him very kindly, and recommended him to some of his friends, particularly to Mr. Aikman, who lived in great

intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our Author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr. Thomson was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verses which he wrote on that occasion.

In the mean time our Author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risque the publication of his *Winter*; in which, as he himself was a mere novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr. Mallet, then private tutor to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, and his brother the Lord George Graham, so well known afterwards as an able and gallant sea-officer. To Mr. Mallet he likewise owed his first acquaintance with several of the wits of that time, an exact information of their characters, personal and poetical, and how they stood affected to each other.

The poem of *Winter*, published in March 1726, was no sooner read than universally admired, those only excepted who had not been used to feel or to look for any thing in poetry beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such

his manly classical spirit could not readily recommend itself, till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a Poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to Nature and his own genius : but, in a short time, the applause became unanimous, every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions, too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less, leaving him in doubt whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man.

From that time Mr. Thomson's acquaintance was courted by all men of taste, and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses ; the Countess of Hertford, Miss Drelincourt, afterwards Viscountess Primrose, Mrs. Stanley, and others. But the chief happiness which his Winter procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr. Rundle, afterwards Lord Bishop of Derry, who, upon conversing with Mr. Thomson, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value, than those of

a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship, promoted his character every where, introduced him to his great friend the Lord Chancellor Talbot, and, some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make his tour of travelling, recommended Mr. Thomson as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr. Rundle, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the Memory of Lord Talbot. The true cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the public, as well as the dark manœuvres that were employed; but Mr. Thomson, who had access to the best information, places it to the account of

—Sland'rous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth.—

Mean while our Poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finish the plan which their wishes laid out for him; and the expectations which his *Winter* had raised were fully satisfied by the successive publication of the other Seasons; of *Summer* in the year 1727, of *Spring* in the beginning of the following year, and of *Autumn* in a quarto edition of his works printed in 1730.

In that edition the Seasons are placed in their natural order, and crowned with that inimitable Hymn, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as one whole, the immediate effect of infinite power

and goodness. In imitation of the Hebrew bard, all Nature is called forth to do homage to the Creator, and the reader is left enraptured in silent adoration and praise *.

* Excellent as the works of Mr. Thomson are, it is remarkable that there has not been any considerable criticism on his merits and character; and therefore we will take the liberty of transcribing, pretty largely, from an ingenious and elegant writer (*Essay on the writings and genius of Pope*), who is the only one we know of that has spoken particularly to them; "It would be unpardonable," says he, "to conclude these Remarks on descriptive poetry, without taking notice of the *Seasons* of Thomson, who had peculiar and powerful talents for this species of composition. Thomson was blessed with a strong and copious fancy; he hath enriched poetry with a variety of new and original images which he painted from Nature itself, and from his own actual observations: his descriptions have, therefore, a distinctness and truth which are utterly wanting to those of poets who have only copied from each other, and have never looked abroad on the objects themselves. Thomson was accustomed to wander away into the country for days and for weeks, attentive to each rural sight, each rural sound; while many a poet, who has dwelt for years in the Strand, has attempted to describe fields and rivers, and generally succeeded accordingly. Hence that nauseous repetition of the same circumstances; hence that disgusting impropriety of introducing what may be called a set of hereditary images, without proper regard to the age, or climate, or occasion, in which they were formerly used. Though the diction of the *Seasons* is sometimes harsh and inharmonious, and sometimes turgid and obscure; and though, in many instances, the numbers are not sufficiently diversified by different pauses, yet is this Poem on the whole, from the numberless strokes of Nature in which it abounds, one of the most captivating and amusing in our language; and which, as its beauties are not of a fugacious kind, as depending on particular customs and manners, will ever be perused with delight. The scenes of Thomson are frequently as wild and romantic as those of Salvator Rosa, pleasingly varied with precipices, and torrents, and castled cliffs, and deep vallies, with piny mountains, and the gloomiest caverns. Innumerable are the little circumstances in his descriptions, totally

Besides these, and his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, written and acted with applause in the year 1729, Mr. Thomson had, in 1727, published his poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased,

" unobserved by all his predecessors. What poet hath ever taken
" notice of the leaf, that towards the end of the autumn,

" Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,

" Oft' starting such as, studious, walk below,

" And slowly circles thro' the waving air?

" Or who, in speaking of a summer evening, hath ever men-
" tioned,

" The quail that clamours for his running mate?

" Or the following natural image, at the same time of the
" year?

" Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,

" A whitening shower of vegetable down

" Amusive floats.

" Where do we find the silence and expectation that precedes
" an April shower insisted on, as in ver. 163. of Spring? or
" where

" The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard

" By such as wander thro' the forest walks,

" Beneath th' umbragenous multitude of leaves.

" How full, particular, and picturesque, is this assemblage
" of circumstances that attend a very keen frost in a night
" of winter!

" Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects

" A double noise; while at his evening watch

" The village dog deters the nightly thief:

" The heifer lows; the distant water-fall

" Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread

" Of traveller, the hollow sounding plain

" Shakes from afar.

" In no one subject are common poets more confused and
" unmeaning, than in their description of rivers, which are
" generally said only to wind and to murmur, while their quali-
" ties and courses are seldom accurately marked: examine the
" exactness of the ensuing description, and consider what a per-
" fect idea it communicates to the mind:

containing a deserved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries; sublimely poetical, and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the Count Algarotti, takes a line of it for

" Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
 " The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 " Now scarcely moving thro' a ready pool,
 " Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 " Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
 " A various group the herds and flocks compose,
 " Rural confusion!

" A group worthy the pencil of Giacomo de Bassano, and
 " so minutely delineated, that he might have worked from
 " this sketch;

" on the grassy bank
 " Some ruminating lie; while others stand
 " Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
 " The circling surface.

" He adds, that the ox, in the middle of them,

" from his sides
 " The troublesome insects lashes, to his sides
 " Returning still.

" A natural circumstance, that, to the best of my remembrance,
 " hath escaped even the natural Theocritus. Nor do I recollect
 " that any poet hath been struck with the murmurs of the num-
 " berless insects that swarm abroad at the noon of a summer's
 " day; as attendants of the evening, indeed, they have been
 " mentioned:

" Resounds the living surface of the ground;
 " Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 " To him who muses thro' the woods at noon,
 " Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd
 " With half-shut eyes.

" But the novelty and nature we admire in the descriptions
 " of Thomson, is by no means his only excellence: he is
 " equally to be praised for impressing on our minds the effects
 " which the scene delineated would have on the present spectator
 " or hearer. Thus having spoken of the roaring of the savages
 " in the wilderness of Africa, he introduces a captive, who,
 " though just escaped from prison and slavery, under the tyrant

the text of his Philosophical Dialogues, *Il Neutonismo per le dame*: this was in part owing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr. Gray, a gentleman well versed in the Newtonian philosophy, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact, though general, abstract of its principles.

That same year the resentment of our merchants

" of Morocco, is so terrified and astonished at the dreadful uproar, that

" The wretch half wishes for his bonds again.

" Thus, also, having described a caravan lost and overwhelmed in one of those whirlwinds that so frequently agitate and lift up the whole sands of the desert, he finishes his picture by adding, that,

" in Cairo's crowded street

" Th' impatient merchant wond'ring waits in vain,

" And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

" And thus, lastly, in describing the pestilence that destroyed the British troops at the siege of Carthage, he has used a circumstance inimitably lively, picturesque, and striking to the imagination; for he says that the Admiral not only heard the groans of the sick that echoed from ship to ship, but that he also pensively stood and listened, at midnight, to the dashing of the waters, occasioned by throwing the dead bodies into the sea:

" Heard, nightly, plung'd into the fallen waves

" The frequent corse.

" These observations on Thomson might be still augmented, by an examination and developement of the beauties in the loves of the birds, in Spring, ver. 580.; a view of the torrid zone, in Summer, ver. 626.; the rise of fountains and rivers, in Autumn, ver. 781.; a man perishing in the snows, in Winter, ver. 277.; and the wolves descending from the Alps, and a view of winter within the Polar circle, ver. 809.; which are all of them highly finished originals, excepting a few of those blemishes intimated above. Winter is, in my apprehension, the most valuable of these four poems; the scenes of it, like those of *Il Penseroso* of Milton, being of that awful, and solemn, and pensive kind, on which a great genius best delights to dwell."

for the interruption of their trade by the Spaniards in America running very high, Mr. Thomson zealously took part in it, and wrote his poem *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge: and although this piece is the less read that its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that devotion to the public, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intense, than himself.

Our Author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the Honourable Mr. Charles Talbot in his travels. A delightful task indeed! endowed as that young nobleman was by Nature, and accomplished by the care and example of the best of fathers in whatever could adorn humanity; graceful of person, elegant in manners and address, pious, humane, generous, with an exquisite taste in all the finer arts.

With this amiable companion and friend Mr. Thomson visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe, and returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, of the constitution and policy of the several states, their connexions, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in

his poem of Liberty, begun soon after his return to England. We see, at the same time, to what a high pitch his love of his country was raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well-poised government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments, and shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost, he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work, upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr. Thomson was writing the first part of Liberty, he received a severe shock by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, which was soon followed by another that was severer still, and of more general concern, the death of Lord Talbot himself; which Mr. Thomson so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory. In him the nation saw itself deprived of an uncorrupted patriot, the faithful guardian of their rights, on whose wisdom and integrity they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious vexations; and Mr. Thomson, besides his share in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel for the person whom, of all mankind, he most revered and loved. At the same time he found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state

of precarious dependance, in which he passed the remainder of his life, excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor General of the Leeward-Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of my Lord Lyttelton.

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr. Talbot, the Chancellor had made him his Secretary of Briefs, a place of little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord who succeeded to Lord Talbot in office kept it vacant for some time, probably till Mr. Thomson should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair; a neglect which his best friends greatly blamed in him.

Yet could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, with time, his usual cheerfulness, and never abated one article in the way of living, which, though simple, was genial and elegant. The profits arising from his works were not inconsiderable; his tragedy of Agamemnon, acted in 1738, yielded a good sum; Mr. Millar was always at hand to answer, or even to prevent, his demands; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired, who would of themselves interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, who, upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttelton, then his chief favourite, settled on him a handsome allowance; and afterwards, when he was introduced to his Royal Highness, that excellent prince, who truly was what Mr. Thomson paints him, "The friend of mankind and of merit," received him very graciously, and ever after honoured him with many marks of particular favour and confidence: a circumstance which does equal honour to the patron and the poet ought not here to be omitted, that my Lord Lyttelton's recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr. Thomson was personally known to him.

It happened, however, that the favour of his Royal Highness was in one instance of some prejudice to our Author, in the refusal of a licence for his tragedy of Edward and Eleonora, which he had prepared for the stage in the year 1739. The reader may see that this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; but the ministry, still sore from certain pasquinades which had lately produced the Stage act, and as little satisfied with some parts of the Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs, would not risque the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

This refusal drew after it another, and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr. Paterson, a companion of Mr. Thomson, afterwards his Deputy, and then his successor in the general surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press, or for the stage. This gentleman, likewise, courted the Tragic Muse, and had taken for his subject the story of Arminius the German hero: but his play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the Censor cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen Edward and Eleonora, than he cried out, Away with it! and the Author's profits were reduced to what his Bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

Mr. Thomson's next dramatic performance was his *Mask of Alfred*, written jointly with Mr. Mallet, by command of the Prince of Wales, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr. Mallet. It was acted at Clifden in the year 1740, on the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.

In the year 1745, his *Tancred and Sigismunda*, taken from the novel in *Gil Blas*, was performed with applause, and, from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, continues to draw crowded houses. The success of this piece was indeed insured, from the first,

by Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, their appearing in the principal characters, which they heighten and adorn with all the magic of their never-failing art.

He had, in the mean time, been finishing his *Castle of Indolence*, in two canto's. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of rail-lery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence, while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself: but he saw, very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fitted to convey one of the most important moral lessons.

The stanza which he uses in this work is that of Spenser, borrowed from the Italian poets, in which he thought rhymes had their proper place, and were even graceful, the compass of the stanza admitting an agreeable variety of final sounds, while the sense of the poet is not cramped or cut short, nor yet too much dilated, as must often happen when it is parcelled out into rhymed couplets, the usual measure, indeed, of our elegy and satire, but which always weakens the higher poetry, and, to a true ear, will sometimes give it an air of the burlesque.

This was the last piece Mr. Thomson himself published, his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best men and best poets that lived in it.

He had always been a timorous horseman, and

more so in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are continually passing; so that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between London and Richmond with any acquaintance that offered, with whom he might chat and rest himself, or perhaps dine, by the way. One summer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to Hammersmith he had overheated himself, and in that condition imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew, apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper-end of Kew-Lane had always hitherto prevented: but now the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger, till the fine weather having tempted him to expose himself once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms, as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town; at last Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Reid, with Dr. Armstrong, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance; but, alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of August 1748.

His testamentary executors were the Lord Lyttelton, whose care of our Poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life; and Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage to the best advantage; from the profits of which, and the sale of manuscripts and other effects, all demands were duly satisfied, and a handsome sum remitted to his sisters. My Lord Lyttelton's prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that had ever been written; the best spoken it certainly was. The sympathizing audience saw that, then indeed, Mr. Quin was no actor; that the tears he shed were those of real friendship and grief.

Mr. Thomson's remains were deposited in the church of Richmond, under a plain stone, without any inscription; nor did his brother poets at all exert themselves on the occasion, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his lifetime. This silence furnished matter to one of his friends for an excellent satirical epigram, which we are sorry we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr. Collins, who had lived some time at Richmond, but forsook it when Mr. Thomson died, wrote an Ode to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that seems to

have dictated it, we shall subjoin to the present account.

Our Author himself hints, some where in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising, his make being rather robust than graceful; though it is known that in his youth he had been thought handsome. His worst appearance was when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood; but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten into a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much alike in company, where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure; but with a few select friends he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed, what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry: a sonnet, or a copy of tame verses, he could manage pretty well, or even improve them in the reading; but a passage of Virgil, Milton, or Shakspeare, would sometimes quite oppress him,

that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

He had improved his taste upon the best originals, ancient and modern; but could not bear to write what was not strictly his own, what had not more immediately struck his imagination, or touched his heart; so that he is not in the least concerned in that question about the merit or demerit of imitators. What he borrows from the Ancients he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphrase or translation, as we see in a few passages taken from Virgil, and in that beautiful picture from Pliny the Elder, where the course and gradual increase of the Nile are figured by the stages of man's life.

The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure; and, had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to

the nightingales in Richmond gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular Italian drama, such as Metastasio writes, as it is there heightened by the charms of the best voices and instruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one respect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the ancient, or with those of Italy, wishing sometimes that a chorus, at least, and a better recitative, could be introduced.

Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In his travels he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of Antiquity, and the best productions of modern art, and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions in the poem of Liberty, we have the master-pieces there mentioned placed in a stronger light, perhaps, than if we saw them with our eyes, at least, more justly delineated than in any other account extant: so superior is a natural taste of the grand and beautiful to the traditional lessons of a common virtuoso. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, are now in the possession of his friend, Mr. Gray, of Richmond-Hill.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of mind and heart, they are better represented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends, his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the most

elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderness of heart, that it took in even the brute creation : judge what it must have been towards his own species. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any person one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwise. He took no part in the poetical squabbles which happened in his time, and was respected, and left undisturbed, by both sides. He would even refuse to take offence when he justly might, by interrupting any personal story that was brought him, with some jest, or some humourous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever seen ruffled or discomposed, but when he read or heard of some flagrant instance of injustice, oppression, or cruelty : then, indeed, the strongest marks of horror and indignation were visible in his countenance.

These amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardour, and lamented his untimely fate in the manner that is still fresh in every one's memory : the best and greatest men of his time honoured him with their friendship and protection : the applause of the public attended every appearance he made ; the actors, of whom the more eminent were his friends and admirers, grudging no pains to do justice to his tragedies. At present, indeed, if we except *Tancred*, they are seldom called for, the sim-

plicity of his plots, and the models he worked after, not suiting the reigning taste, nor the impatience of an English theatre. They may hereafter come to be in vogue; but we hazard no comment or conjecture upon them, or upon any part of Mr. Thomson's works; neither need they any defence or apology, after the reception they have had at home, and in the foreign languages into which they have been translated. We shall only say, that, to judge from the imitations of his manner, which have been following him close from the very first publication of *Winter*, he seems to have fixed no inconsiderable æra of the English poetry.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

BY MR. COLLINS.

*The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on
the Thames, near Richmond.*

I.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

II.

In yon' deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp* shall now be laid,

* The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the *Castle of Indolence*.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON. XXXI

That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,

Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft' shall haunt the shore,

When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,

And oft' suspend the dashing oar,

To bid his gentle spirit rest!

V.

And oft' as Ease and Health retire

To breezy lawn or forest deep,

The friend shall view yon' whitening spire*,

And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

But Thou, who own'st that earthy bed,

Ah! what will every dirge avail?

Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,

That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

VII.

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye

Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?

With him, sweet Bard, my Fancy die,

And Joy desert the blooming year.

* Richmond church,

xxxii ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

VIII.

But thou, lorn Stream, whose fullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

IX.

And see the fairy vallies fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted Shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

X.

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Britons' eyes,
O ! Vales, and wild Woods, shall he say
In yonder grave your Druid lies !

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

The Argument.

THE subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and last on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon' dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford! fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints, when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

And see where surly Winter passes off
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft' at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20

Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph't
 To shake the sounding marsh, or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven. 31

Forth fly the tepid Airs, and unconfin'd,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow loosened from the frost:
 There unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
 Mean while incumbent o'er the shining share

The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
 With measur'd step, and liberal throws the grain 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heav'n! for now laborious man

Has done his part. Ye fostering Breezes ! blow ;
 Ye softening Dews ! ye tender Show'rs ! descend ; 50
 And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun !
 Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :
 Such themes as these the rural Maro sung 55
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
 In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
 The kings and awful fathers of mankind ;
 And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
 Of mighty war, then with unwearied hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65

Ye generous Britons ! venerate the plough,
 And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded. As the sea
 Far thro' his azure turbulent domain 70
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports,
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
 O'er every land, the naked nations clothe, 75
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world !

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
 Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming power 80
 At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
 United light and shade! where the sight dwells
 With growing strength, and ever new delight. 85

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye:
 The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
 Till the whole leafy-forest stands display'd
 In full luxuriance to the sighing gales,
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year, 95
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance, while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the Town, 100
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft' let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze

Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk, 105
 Or taste the smell of dairy, or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms, where the raptur'd eye 110
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe 115
 Untimely frost, before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste:
 For oft', engender'd by the hazy North,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies, warp 120
 Keen in the poison'd breeze, and wasteful eat,
 Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core
 Their eager way: a feeble race! yet oft'
 The sacred sons of Vengeance, on whose course
 Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the year. 125
 To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,
 And blazing straw, before his orchard burns,
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls,
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe;
 Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,

With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135

Be patient, Swains ! these cruel-seeming winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with
 That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, [rain,
 In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze, 140
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

The North-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise, 146
 Scarce staining ether, but by swift degrees
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom : 150
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm, that not a breath 155
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem, thro' delusive lapse,
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160

And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off, 165
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests, seem impatient to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prolusive drops, let all their moisture flow
 In large effusion o'er the freshened world. 175
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
 By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth,
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.
 Thus all day long the full-distended clouds 185
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life,
 Till in the western sky the downward sun

D ij

Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam. 190
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
 Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200
 Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
 Mean time refracted from yon' eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red, 205
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton! the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy show'ry prism,
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd 210
 From the white-mingling maze. Not so the boy;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd,
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,

A softened shade, and saturated earth,
Await the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day. 220

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanists to number up their tribes,
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search, or thro' the forest, rank 225
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way, or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds, 230
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man, 235
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years, unflesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away,

And up they rose as vigorous as the sun, 245
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendence of the flock.
Mean time the song went round; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away; while in the rosy vale 250
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss, save the sweet pain
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act nor surly deed
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven, 255
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature, too, look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260
Dropp'd fatness down, as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks commixing play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he join'd his sullen joy: 265
For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270
But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their Golden Age,

Are found no more amid these Iron times,
 These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers 275
 Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
 Is off the poise within : the passions all
 Have burst their bounds, and Reason, half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees
 The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd, 280
 Convulsive Anger storms at large ; or, pale
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base Envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
 Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full, 285
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
 Even Love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
 That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire 290
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance ; and Grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells,
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295
 These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm ; whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300

Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
 Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
 Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence :
 At last, extinct each social feeling fell,
 And joyless Inhumanity pervades 305
 And petrifies the heart. Nature, disturb'd,
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came ;
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb that arch'd
 The central waters round impetuous rush'd, 310
 With universal burst, into the gulf,
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast,
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows, and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring before
 Green'd all the year, and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
 In social sweetness, on the self-same bough. 321
 Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse : for then nor storms
 Were taught to blow nor hurricanes to rage : 325
 Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;
 While sickly damps and cold autumnal fogs

Hung not relaxing on the springs of life.
 But now of turbid elements the sport, 330
 From clear to cloudy tofs'd, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies, 335
 Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of Art 'tis copious blest :
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man
 Is now become the lion of the plain, 340
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece ; nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
 E'er plow'd for him. They, too, are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung and wild necessity, 346
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast :
 But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep, while from her lap 350
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
 Or beams that gave them birth ; shall he, fair Form !
 Who wears sweet smiles and looks erect on heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
 And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,

Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed ; but you, ye Flocks !
 What have you done ? ye peaceful People ! what
 To merit death ? you who have given us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360
 Against the winter's cold ? And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal !
 In what has he offended ? he whose toil,
 Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land
 With all the pomp of harvest, shall he bleed, 365
 And, struggling, groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour ? Thus the feeling heart
 Would tenderly suggest ; but 'tis enough, 370
 In this late age, advent'rous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage :
 High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam, now is the time,
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary fied the floating line,
 And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare ;

But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds,
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

When with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams and rous'd the finny race,
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds. 395
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little Naiads love to sport at large. 400
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly, 405
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Straight as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook ; 410
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,

With various hand, proportion'd to their force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod, 415
 Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled captive throw: but should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
 Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
 And oft' attempts to seize it, but as oft'
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear: 425
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death
 With sullen plunge: at once he darts along,
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode, 431
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize. 439
 Thus pass the temperate hours; but when the sun

Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
 Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps,
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade;
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon' spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the sleep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk, 450
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds:
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead
 Thro' rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song:
 Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift 455
 Athwart Imagination's vivid eye:
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream
 Confus'd of careless solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace,
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
 That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon' breathing prospect bids the Muse
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465
 Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,

And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows? If Fancy, then, 470
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah! what shall Language do? ah! where find words
 Ting'd with so many colours, and whose power,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet tho' successful will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye Virgins and ye Youths! whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song! 480
 Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning-dews, and gather, in their prime,
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets. 490

See where the winding vale its lavish stores
 Irriguous spreads. See how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
 In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk 495
 Where the breeze blows from yon' extended field.

Of blossom'd beams : Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
 Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,
 Where undisguis'd by mimic Art she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees, 505
 In swarming millions, tend ; around, athwart,
 Thro' the soft air the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;
 And oft' with bolder wing they soaring dare 510
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
 At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze the hurried eye 515
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps ;
 Now meets the bending sky ; the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
 But why so far excursive ? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders bright with dew,

And in yon' mingled wilderness of flowers 525
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
 The daisy, primrose, violet, darkly blue,
 And polyanthus, of unnumber'd dyes;
 The yellow wallflower, stain'd with iron brown, 530
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
 And full ranunculas, of glowing red. 535
 Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run, and while they break
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils, 545
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues Expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of Being ! universal Soul
 Of heaven and earth ! Essential Presence, hail !
 To thee I bend the knee : to Thee my thoughts
 Continual climb, who with a master-hand 556
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew : 560
 By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes.
 At thy command the vernal fun awakes
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565
 By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance
 And lively fermentation mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570
 My panting Muse ! and hark ! how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye Nightingales ! oh ! pour
 The mazy-running soul of Melody
 Into my varied verse ! while I deduce, 575
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, The passion of the groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 580

Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint-warbled ; but no sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent and wide, 585
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
 Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of Morn ;
 Ere yet the shadows fly he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quirksters that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes ; when listening *Philomela* deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600
 The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :
 Now are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
 Innumerable songsters in the freshening shade 605
 Of new-sprung leaves their modulations mix
 Mellifluous : the jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,

Aid the full concert, while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of Love ;
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches : hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love 615
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeav'ring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening, the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance ; then on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd ; then again approach, 625
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts, 630
That Nature's great command may be obey'd ;
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
Commit their feeble offspring : the cleft tree

Offers its kind concealment to a few,
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests :
 Others apart, far in the grassy dale
 Or roughening waste their humble texture weave : 640
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
 Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes,
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent: and often from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool; and oft', when unobserv'd, 655
 Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight, 660
 Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away; or else supplies

Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food 670
 With constant clamour: O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care, |
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young, 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By Fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cott amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
 Oft' as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.
 Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting Love,
 By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd, 685
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
 And to the simple art. With stealthy wing
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
 Th' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels

Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
 In long excursion, skims the level lawn 694
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen, flutters; pious fraud! to lead
 The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse ashamed here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes 705
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
 O then, ye Friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes! this barbarous art forbear!
 If on your bosom Innocence can win,
 Music engage, or Piety persuade. 710

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd ease, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft' when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls,
 Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,
 Where, all abandon'd to despair she sings 720

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Her sorrows thro' the night, and on the bough
 Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725
 But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain, and, weighing oft' their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky.
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain,
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740
 Trembling refuse, till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 Its plummy burden, and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power

Rous'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost Kilda's * shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds, 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire :
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire, which in peace 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat
 Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765
 In early Spring, his aciry city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive, there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whose breast with ardour flames as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan 775

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſter-iſle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock ſpreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the ſun, 781
 And ſwims in radiant majeſty along.
 O'er the whole homely ſcene the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785
 While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes below, ruſh furious into flame
 And fierce deſire. Thro' all his luſty veins
 The bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels: 790
 Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample ſides the rambling ſprays
 Luxuriant ſhoot; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
 Crops, tho' it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe:
 And oft' in jealous madning fancy wrapt,
 He ſeeks the fight; and, idly butting, ſeigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk:
 Him ſhould he meet the bellowing war begins: 800
 Their eyes flaſh fury: to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix;

While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve. 806
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong :
 Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ; 810
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains, flies ;
 And, neighing, on the ærial summit takes
 Th' exciting gale ; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815
 Turns in black eddies round : such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep ;
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind ;
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves : but this the theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the British fair,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun :
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,

Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee
 Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race 835
 Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound
 That runs around the hill, the rampart once
 Of iron War, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited Britain ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil; ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads,
 And o'er our labours Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch, the wonder of a world! 845

What is this mighty Breath, ye Sages! say,
 That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven, and thro' their breasts
 These arts of love diffuses? What but God?
 Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
 Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things, 855
 But tho' conceal'd to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears,
 Chief, lovely Spring! in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The smiling God is seen, while water, earth,
 And air, attest his bounty, which exalts 860

The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man : 865
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being and serene his soul,
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature ? can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid Sons of Earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves : away !
But come, ye generous Minds ! in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns 876
With warmest beam, and on your open front
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want : nor till invok'd
Can restless Goodness wait ; your active search 880
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd !
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft'
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad ! for you the teeming clouds 885
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world,
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head,

Life flows afresh, and young-ey'd Health exalts 890
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace

Induces thought, and contemplation still: 895

By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom, till at last sublim'd
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,

We feel the present Deity, and taste

The joy of God to see a happy world! 900

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,

Thy heart, inform'd by Reason's purer ray,

O Lyttelton, the friend! thy passions thus

And meditations vary, as at large,

Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley-Park thou strayest,
Thy British Tempe! there along the dale! 906

With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,

Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,

And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,

Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees, 910

You silent steal, or sit beneath the shade

Of solemn oaks, that tast the swelling mounts,

Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,

And pensive listen to the various voice

Of rural Peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915

The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,

That, purling down amid the twisted roots

Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft',
 You wander thro' the philosophic world, 920
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft', conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time,
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
 Britannia's weal, how from the venal gulf
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive :
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm, while, with sure taste refin'd, 930
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song,
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd : then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love, 935
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace,
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth
 In varied converse, softening every theme, 940
 You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Unutterable happiness! which Love 945
 Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.

Mean time you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around,
 And snatch'd o'er hill, and dale, and wood, and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams ;
 Wide stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
 The hospitable Genius lingers still, 955
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills,
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year, 960
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves 965
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye Fair ! 970
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts ;
 Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
 Downcast, and low, in meek submission dress,
 But full of guile : let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth. 975

Gain on your purpos'd will: nor in the bower,
Where woodbines haunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love; 980
Of the smooth glance beware: for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours:
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace,
Th' enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of Love
Inglorious laid, while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours; 995
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious heart, where honour still,
And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

But absent, what fantastic woes arousd
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
Neglected Fortune flies, and sliding swift,

Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005
 'Tis nought but gloom around; the darken'd sun
 Loses his light: the rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping Fancy pines, and yon' bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All Nature fades extinct, and she alone 1010
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends,
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015
 Th' unfinish'd period falls; while borne away
 On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair,
 And leaves the semblance of a lover fix'd
 In melancholy site, with head declin'd, 1020
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
 To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms,
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
 Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk 1025
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
 Indulging all to love; or on the bank
 Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030
 Nor quits his deep retirement till the moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlightened by degrees, and in her train

Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035
 With softened soul, and wooes the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his; or while the world
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear,
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1045
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page
 Meant for the moving messenger of love,
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd: but if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies: 1045
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds; till the grey Morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest, 1050
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft' with th' enchantress of his soul he talks,
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd 1055
 To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
 Just as he; credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long-untravell'd heaths, 1061
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,

In night and tempest wrapt, or shrinks, aghast,
 Back from the bending precipice, or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065
 The farther shore, where, succourless and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores,
 But strives in vain; borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should Jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye Fairy Prospects, then,
 Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bowers of Joy,
 Farewell! ye Gleamings of departed Peace,
 Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague 1080
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.

Ah, then! instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes,
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire; 1085
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
 And frightens Love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms

For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love. 1099
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins,
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart;
 For even the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds 1105
 Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of severed rapture or of cruel care,
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind! 1110
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft', and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1115
 Attuning all their passions into love,
 Where Friendship full-exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;

Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence; for nought but love 1121
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125

Well-merited, consume his nights and days;
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel,
 Let Eastern tyrants, from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1130

Of a mere lifeless, violated form,
 While those whom love cements in holy faith
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all! 1135

Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish?
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind or mind-illumin'd face;

Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.

Mean time a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees
 The human blossom blows, and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1145
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.

Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls

Volume I.

G

For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around, 1155
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All-various Nature pressing on the heart ;
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love,
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy, and consenting Spring 1165
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads ;
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THE SEASONS.

SUMMER.

The Argument.

THE subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the Poem is a description of a Summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer-insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataraet, and rude scene. View of Summer in the Torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A Tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich, well-cultivated country, which introduces a panegyric on Great-Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer-meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way, 5
While from his ardent look the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face, and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders thro' the gloom, 10
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak

G ij

Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat, 15
By mortal seldom found; may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite,
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart,
Genius and wisdom, the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd, goodness and wit, 25
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd,
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man;
O Dodington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
That oft' has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments, away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course,
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the Seasons ever stealing round, 40

Minutely faithful; such th' all-perfect Hand
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,

And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the Night, 45

And soon, observant of approaching Day,

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,

At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east,
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,

And from before the lustre of her face 50

White break the clouds away. With quickened step

Brown Night retires; young Day pours in apace,

And opens all the lawny prospect wide.

The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top

Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55

Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine,

And from the bladed field the fearful hare

Limps awkward; while along the forest-glade

The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze

At early passenger. Music awakes 60

The native voice of undissembled joy,

And thick around the woodland hymns arise.

Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves

His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells,

And from the crowded fold, in order, drives 65

His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,

And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy

The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song ? 70
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life,
 Total extinction of th' enlightened soul !
 Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams ?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than Nature craves, when every Muse
 And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk ? 80
 But yonder comes the powerful King of day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
 Illumin'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo, now apparent all, 85
 Aflant the dew-bright earth and coloured air
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light ! 90
 Of all material beings first and best !
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen 95
 Mines out thy Maker, may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
 Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!
 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead, 106
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life,
 How many forms of being wait on thee!
 Inhaling spirit, from th' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam?

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
 In world-rejoicing state it moves sublime.
 Mean time th' expecting nations, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn, while round thy beaming car, 120
 High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance,
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours;
 The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
 Of bloom ethereal the light footed Dews,

And, softened into joy, the surly Storms, 125
 These in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits, till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enlivened earth, 130
 Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd,
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines; 135
 Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
 Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
 Hence blest mankind; and generous Commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140
 In dark retirement forms the lucid stone:
 The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
 Collected light, compact, that, polish'd bright,
 And all its native lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
 At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.
 From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
 Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tint, 150
 The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
 With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns:

125 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green emerald shows: but, all combin'd,
 Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams, 156
 Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,

In brighter mazes the relucient stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
 Projecting horror on the blackened flood,
 Softens at thy return. The Desert joys 165
 Wildly thro' all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far, great delegated source
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him 175
 Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken?
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven 180

That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky;
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again?

And yet was every faltering tongue of man, 185
 Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice;
 Even in the depths of solitary woods,
 By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
 And to the choir celestial Thee resound, 190
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd,
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
 My sole delight, as thro' the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds, 200
 And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands, till wide unveil'd
 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
 Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
 Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires,
 There on the verdant turf or flowery bed,
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;

While tyrant Heat, disspreading thro' the sky,
 With rapid sway his burning influence darts 210
 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign
 Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
 When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. 215
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home from his morning task the swain retreats,
 His flock before him stepping to the fold, 221
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around
 The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
 The food of innocence and health! The daw,
 The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks, 225
 That the calm village in their verdant arms
 Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight,
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230
 And in a corner of the buzzing shade
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
 Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale, till wakened by the wasp, 235
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain

To let the little noisy summer-race
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song;
 Not mean, tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating fire. 240

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad, by the light air upborne,
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms, or rising from their tombs 245
 To higher life, by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour, of all the vary'd hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some, 250
 By fatal instinct, fly, where on the pool
 They sportive wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout
 Or darting falmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray, there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed, 255
 In the fresh leaf: luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower
 And every latent herb; for the sweet task
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260
 Employs their tender care: some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight,
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
 Oft', inadvertent, from the milky stream

They meet their fate, or, weltering in the bowl, 265
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death, where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap 270
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around :
Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft'
Passes, as oft' the ruffian shows his front ;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
With rapid glide, along the leaning line,
And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

Resounds the living surface of the ground ;
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum
To him who muses thro' the woods at noon,
Or drowsy shepherd as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye !
Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary sen,

In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
 Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
 Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way, 295
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305
 Each liquid, too, whether it pierces, soothes,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
 The grosser eye of Man; for if the worlds
 In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst,
 From cates ambrosial and the nectar'd bowl 315
 He would abhorrent turn, and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
 Let no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320

Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?
 As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of Art ! 325
 A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the man whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things,
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord, 331
 As with unflinching accent to conclude
 That this availeth nought ? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From Infinite Perfection to the brink 335
 Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss !
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns ?
 Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
 Whose Wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
 As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Thick in yon' stream of light a thousand ways,
 Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
 The quivering nations sport, till, tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
 Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer-life in Fortune's shine ;
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on

From toy to toy, from vanity to vice,
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes 350
Behind, and strikes them from the Book of Life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose,
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping Age is here, and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay; while, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool, this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,

Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides; and oft' the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in: 380
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood. and from his lively haunt 385
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream,
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race, where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill, and, tofs'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd, 395
 Head above head, and rang'd in lusty rows
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king,
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Mean time their joyous task goes on apace; 405

Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand ;
 Others the unwilling wether drag along ;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
 By needy man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
 What softness in its melancholy face, 415
 What dumb-complaining innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle Tribes ! 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
 Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence Britannia sees
 Her solid grandeur rise ; hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
 The treasures of the sun without his rage :
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder, hence,
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ; 430
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon, and, vertical, the sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye

Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all 435
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.

In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams,
And keen reflection, pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440

And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither even the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe; the mower sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd. 445

And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar,
Or thro' th' unshelter'd glade impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-conquering Heat! oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455

And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines; 460
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh-bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,

Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon:
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man, 465
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome; ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets, hail!
 Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks! 470
 Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
 Cool thro' the nerves your pleasing comfort glides;
 The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit,
 And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
 A various group the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie, while others stand
 Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490

Which incompas'd he shakes, and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain, his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; 495
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd,
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd,
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon,
 While from their labouring breasts a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

Oft' in this season, too, the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood
 Springs the high fence, and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estrang'd to fear; his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength,
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst,
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts,
 And with wide nostrils snorting, skims the wave. 515

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove of wildest, largest growth,
 That, forming high in air a woodland choir,

Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Exstatic, felt, and from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms, 525
On gracious errands bent, to save the fall
Of Virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare; 530
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death; 535
And numberless such offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of Fancy strikes; "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures we 545
"From the same Parent-power our beings drew,

" The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.

" Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life

" Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain

" This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550

" Where purity and peace immingle charms.

" Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,

" Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd

" By noisy Folly and discordant Vice,

" Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555

" Here frequent, at the visionary hour,

" When musing Midnight reigns or silent Noon,

" Angelic harps are in full concert heard,

" And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,

" The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade; 560

" A privilege bestow'd by us alone

" On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear

" Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou Stanley*, of that sacred band ?

Alas, for us too soon ! tho' rais'd above 565

The reach of human pain, above the flight

Of human joy, yet, with a mingled ray

Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel

A mother's love, a mother's tender woe,

Who seeks thee still in many a former scene ; 570

Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,

Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense

* A young lady, well known to the Author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Inspir'd, where moral Wisdom mildly shone
 Without the toil of Art, and Virtue glow'd
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O thou best of Parents! wipe thy tears,
 Or rather to parental Nature pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse; the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither, till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene. [back
 Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
 Rolls fair and placid, where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad,
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose,
 But raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600

Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
 Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts,
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild infracted course and lessened roar
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions, thro' the flood of day,
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
 Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive Noon, disordered droop,
 Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes 615
 Mournfully hoarse, oft' ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowlers' guile,
 Across his fancy comes, and then resounds 620
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air;
 There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head, 625
 By flowering umbrage shaded, where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh,

Now while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon, 630
 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the Torrid zone;
 Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd
 Yon' blaze is feeble, and yon' skies are cool.

See how at once the bright effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chafes from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight, and with ardent blaze
 Looks gaily fierce o'er all the dazzling air:
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the Morn, 640
 The general breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and double seasons pass†; 645
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays;
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills; 650
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east; caused by the pressure of the rarified air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

A boundless, deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods, 654
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian bloom: here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves,
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me, reclin'd,
 Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds.
 Quench my hot limbs, or lead me thro' the maze, 670
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
 Or thrown at gayer ease on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade: 675
 Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice

I ij

Which Bacchus pours. Nor on its slender twigs, 680
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft' in humble station dwells
 Unboastful Worth, above fastidious Pomp:
 Witness, thou best anâna, thou, the pride 685
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the Golden Age:
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads, 691
 And vast savannahs, where the wand'ring eye,
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.

Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our gardens' pride, 695
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers, with sudden hand,
 Exuberant spring; for oft' these vallies shift
 Their green-embroidered robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains prevail. 700

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd
 From little scenes of art great Nature dwells
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas, 705
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
 Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,

Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
 The flood disparts ; behold ! in plaited mail
 Behemoth * rears his head. Glanc'd from his side 710
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies ;
 He fearless walks the plain or seeks the hills,
 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
 In widening circle round, forget their food,
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

Peaceful beneath primeval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-rais'd in solemn theatre around, 720
 Leans the huge elephant, wisest of brutes !
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,
 Tho' powerful, not destructive ! here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall, regardless, he, 725
 Of what the never-resting race of men
 Project ; thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps,
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert, 730
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,

* The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Thick swarm the brighter birds; for Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. But if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song *. 740
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
 Thro' the soft silence of the listening night, 745
 The sober-suited songstresses trills her lay.

But come, my Muse! the desert-barrier burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky;
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar, ardent climb 750
 The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
 Of social Commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
 No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven, 755
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
 Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range
 From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers, 760

* In all the regions of the Torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

From jasmine grove to grove may'st wander gay,
 Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave :
 There on the breezy summit spreading fair 765
 For many a league, or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air their lawny tops,
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise,
 And gardens smile around, and cultured fields, 770
 And fountains gush, and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray, a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault ; there let me draw
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves 775
 And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold,
 And o'er the varied landscape restless rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind ; 780
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785
 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round
 Of struggling night and day, malignant mix'd :
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,

Where, highly rarify'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy and flow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime amid these upper seas, condens'd 795
 Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
 From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage,
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.
 : The treasures these hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge, whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of Floods o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream :
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth amid the fragrant isles, 810
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks,
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along. 815
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,

Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand, till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
 From thundering sleep to sleep he pours his urn, 820
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs, and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind 825
 Fall on Cormandel's coast or Malabar,
 From Mebam's * orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower,
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
 And pour untailing harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus! drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge, and the native drives 835
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes huge descends
 The mighty Orellana †. Scarce the Muse 840
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass

* The river that runs through Siam, on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called *fire-flies*, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like Plata, to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
 In silent dignity, they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem, in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forfaking these, 850
 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
 By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons; 855
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe,
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth? 860
 This gay profusion of luxurious blifs?
 This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 866
 Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
 Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid



Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines,
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the Sun?
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
 Ill-fated Race! the softening arts of peace 875
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach,
 The godlike wisdom of the tempered breast,
 Progressive Truth, the patient force of thought,
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world, the Light that leads to Heaven,
 Kind equal rule, the government of Laws, 881
 And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man,
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize, 885
 And with oppressive ray the roseate bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue
 And feature gross; or, worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad Jealousy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge,
 Their servid spirit fires. Love dwells not there; 890
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-fshed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet Humanity! these court the beam
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
 There lost. The very brute creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.



Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train 900
 In orbs immense, then darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount, by which diffus'd
 He throws his folds; and while with threat'ning tongue
 And deathful jaws erect the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of Fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble man.
 This child of vengeful Nature! there, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of Guilt
 And foul Misdeed, when the pure Day has shut 915
 His sacred eye. The tiger, darting fierce,
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of man, 920
 The keen hyæna, fellest of the fell.
 These rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925

Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand,
 And with imperious and repeated roars
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts,
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant-fang escap'd, 935
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again;
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From Atlas eastward to the frightful Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone 940
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below,
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds:
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless, while the wonted roar is up,
 And his continual thro' the tedious night. 950
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
 And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,

Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds,
 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
 And all the green delights Ausonia pours,
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
 Commission'd demons oft', angels of wrath, 960
 Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide-glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
 Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
 Shot thro' his withered heart, the fiery blast:
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play: 970
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come,
 Till with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise,
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave. 980
 Obeys the blast, the ærial tumult swells,

In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling Typhon*, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire Ecnephia * reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck †
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells,
 Of no regard save to the skilful eye:
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force: a faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 Totempt the spreading sail; then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow: by rapid Fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000
 With such mad seas the daring Gama ‡ fought
 For many a day and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant lab'ring round the stormy Cape,
 By bold Ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold: for then from ancient gloom emerg'd 1005

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the *Ox-eye*, being in appearance, at first, no bigger.

‡ Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East-Indies.

The rising world of Trade ; the Genius then
 Of Navigation, that in hopeless sloth
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
 For idle ages, starting, heard, at last,
 The Lusitanian Prince*, who, Heaven-inspir'd,
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind, 1011
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate
 Here dwell the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent 1015
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along,
 And from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
 Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
 The stormy Fates descend : one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves ; when straight their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal, 1025

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1031

* Don Henry, third son to John I. king of Portugal. His
 strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief
 source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce, then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man :
 Such as, of late, at Carthagea quench'd 1040
 The British fire. You, gallant Vernon ! saw
 The miserable scene ; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye, 1045
 No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships from shore to shore :
 Heard nightly plung'd amid the fullen waves
 The frequent corse, while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city Plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends ? From Ethiopia's poisoned woods *, 1055
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes 1060
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death,
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze, and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye, and from the hand
 Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of Joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world:
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad: 1070
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 The cheerful haunt of men; unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house where matchless Horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and, loud to heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society.
 Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care; the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085

They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing, while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1098
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year;
 Fir'd by the torch of Noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 The infuriate hill, that shoots the pillar'd flame;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1100
 But 'tis enough: return, my vagrant Muse,
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold! slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darkness broods, and, growing, gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds
 Where sleep the mineral generations drawn.
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame 1110
 Pollute the sky, and in yon' baleful cloud
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment, till by the touch ethereal rous'd,

The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns
 Dread thro' the dun expanse, save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
 Prone to the lowest vale the aërial tribes
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook, 1125
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all;
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud, 1130
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds; till over-head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze: 1140
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,

Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds 1145
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro',
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In Fancy's eye, and there the frowning bull, 1155
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud 1161
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak, 1165
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far-seen the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought;

And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
 Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
 And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone;
 Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd; but such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of Innocence and undissembling Truth.
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish, 1180
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self,
 Supremely happy in th' awakened power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
 Still in harmonious intercourse thy liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1190
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
 While with each other blest, creative Love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd 1195
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft' a look
 Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye

1170 Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence 1199
 In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 1175 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
 "Sweet Innocence! thou stranger to offence, 1205
 "And inward storm! He who yon' skies involves
 "In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 1180 "With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 "That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 "Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice 1210
 "Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 "With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 1185 "'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
 "To clasp Perfection!" From his void embrace, 1214
 Mysterious Heaven! that moment to the ground,
 A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood
 1190 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd, in all the death of woe!
 So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb 1220
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

1195 As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
 Sublimier swells, and o'er the world expands 1225

A purer azure. Thro' the lightened air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
 Invests the fields, and Nature smiles, reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man, 1235
 Most favour'd, who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd, 1240
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands, 1245
 Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below,
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge, and thro' th' obedient wave, 1250
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path,

While from his polish'd sides a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 1255

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats ;
Nor when cold Winter keens the brightening flood
Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft' preserv'd, 1260
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265
Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat, 1270
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs :
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
Among the bending willows, falsely he [play'd
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd. 1275
She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd, save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,

He fram'd a melting lay to try her heart,
 And if an infant passion struggled there,
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
 A lucky chance, that oft' decides the fate 1285
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine:
 For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
 This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
 And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe 1290
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire;
 But Love forbade. Ye Prudes, in virtue, say,
 Say, ye Severest, what would you have done?
 Mean time this fairer nymph, than ever blest
 Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300
 The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
 Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
 The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1305
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
 Than, Damon, thou, as from the snowy leg
 And slender foot th' inverted silk she drew;
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone,

And thro' the parting robe th' alternate breast, 1310
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
 How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view,
 As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn,
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn ?
 Then to the flood she rush'd ; the parted flood 1320
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd,
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed ;
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild,
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill-conceal'd, and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew 1330
 Such mad'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
 Can e'er be deem'd ; and, struggling from the shade
 With headlong hurry fled ; but first these lines,—

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Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand hethrew. "Bathe on, my Fair!
 " Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye 1340
 " Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy haunt,
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood : 1345
 So stands the statue* that enchants the world ;
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful Eden knew not ; and, array'd 1350
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd :
 But when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd : shame void of guilt, 1355
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted ; even a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length a tender calm 1360
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul,
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,

* The Venus of Medici.

Which soon her Damon kifs'd with weeping joy: 1365

" Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,

" By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,

" Alas! not favour'd less, be still, as now,

" Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

The sun has lost his rage; his downward orb 1370

Shoots nothing now but animating warmth

And vital lustre; that, with various ray,

Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven

Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,

The dream of waking fancy! Broad below, 1375

Covered with ripening fruits, and swelling fast

Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth

And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour

Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves

To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380

With Nature, there to harmonize his heart,

And in pathetic song to breathe around

The harmony to others. Social friends,

Attun'd to happy unison of soul,

To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385

Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,

Displays its charms, whose minds are richly fraught

With philosophic stores, superior light,

And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns

Virtue the sons of Interest deem romance, 1390

Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day;

Now to the verdant portico of woods,

To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk ;
 By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the fire
 Of Love, approving, hears, and calls it Good.
 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course ? 1400
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse ?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
 Or court the forest glade ? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend, 1405
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene * ? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape : now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
 Now to the Sister-hills † that skirt her plain ; 1410
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows : 1415
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray ;
 Luxurious, there rove thro' the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat ;

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon *Shining*,
 or *Splendour*.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd, 1420
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing God *; to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Elsher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1430
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
 Inchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
 O vale of bliss ! O softly-swellng hills !
 On which the power of Cultivation lies, 1435
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays ! 1440
 Happy Britannia ! where the Queen of Arts,
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
 Walks unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ; 1445

* In his last sickness.

Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought ;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy vallies float
 With golden waves ; and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless ; while roving round their sides
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450
 Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,
 And Property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil. 1455

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art,
 And Trade and Joy in every busy street
 Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield, 1461
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go, and first
 Or on the list'd plain or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plans 1470
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;
 In genius and substantial learning high ;
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd ;

Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd, 1475
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim Oppression groan.
 Thy sons of glory many! Alfred! thine,
 In whom the splendour of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
 Combine; whose hallowed name the Virtues faint,
 And his own Muses love; the best of kings!
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
 Names dear to Fame! the first who deep-impres'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
 That awes her Genius still. In statesmen thou,
 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's direful rage;
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just, 1490
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
 A Drake, who made thee Mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495
 Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
 Raleigh! the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd: 1500
 Nor sunk his vigour when a coward-reign

The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past, 1505
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world,
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious or so base as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass, 1510
 The plume of War! with early laurels crown'd,
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay,
 A Hampden, too, is thine, illustrious Land!
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age, 1515
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where Ruffel lies, whose temper'd blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign,
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk 1525
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the British Cassius*, fearless bled,
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,

* Algernon Sidney.

By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards,
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts
 With firm but pliant virtue forward still
 To urge his course; him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul 1540
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks and jargon-teaching schools
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words, and forms, 1545
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of Heaven! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to heaven again.
 The generous Ashley * thine, the friend of man,
 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye, 1551
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search 1555

* Anthony-Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Amid the dark recesses of his works
 The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke?
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let Newton, pure intelligence! whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1563
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse 1566
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
 A genius universal as his theme,
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime. 1570
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
 Who like a copious river pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing Sage, 1575
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften as thy Daughters I,
 Britannia! hail; for beauty is their own, 1580
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance and taste: the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of Harmony; the cheek

Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast; 1590
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when, drest in love,
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts set up, 1595
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations, whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving Virtues round the land
 In bright patrol; white Peace and social Love;
 The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
 Courage compos'd and keen; sound Temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;

Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
 While in the radiant front superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal, 1615
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours, glorious, with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds, 1620
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
 Of Amphitritè and her tending nymphs 1625
 (So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb;
 Now half-immers'd, and now a golden curve,
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void, 1630
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank;
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635
 Who all day long in fordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth:

But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew,
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

Confess'd from yonder flow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether softening, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air,
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth, then that of deeper dye 1650
 Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn, 1655
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of Nature nought disdains; thoughtful to feed 1660
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feathered feeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail; 1665
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,

Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height, 1670
And valley sunk, and unfrequented, where
At fall of eve the Fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer-night, as village-stories tell:
But far about they wander from the grave 1675
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious Violence. The lonely tower
Is also shun'd, whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1680
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and thro' the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night, not in her winter-robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd 1685
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye,
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd 1690
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scent,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary Vision turns, where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise, 1695

When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns the fairest lamp of night.
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky, or horizontal dart 1700
 In wondrous shapes, by fearful murmuring crowds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds,
 Lo ! from the dread immensity of space 1705
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends,
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, th' enlightened few,
 Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought, which, mounting,
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky; [spurns
 While from his far excursion thro' the wilds
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1720
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love;

From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs 1725
 Thro' which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and seed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene Philosophy ! with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song, 1730
 Effusive source of evidence and truth !
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon, and pure as that
 Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740
 Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions or th' abyfs,
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd ;
 The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects to him, 1745
 The world-producing Essence, who alone
 Possesses being ; while the last receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense 1750
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

1725 Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
 Her voice to ages, and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die, the treasure of mankind! 1755
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

1730 Without thee what were unenlightened Man?
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds
 In quest of prey, and with th' unfashioned fur
 Rough-clad, devoid of every finer art 1760
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765
 Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line, or dares the wintry pole;
 Mother severe of infinite delights!
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace:
 To live like brothers, and, conjunctive all, 1775
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
 The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth,
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range, intent to gaze
Creation thro', and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785
Of the sole Being right, who spoke the word,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns,
Her eye, and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear, 1790
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train;
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract, where first begins 1795
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfettered, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills eternal Providence, sits deep:
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits, 1800
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind,

THE SEASONS.

AUTUMN.

The Argument.

THE subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry, raised by that view. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A harvest-storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs frequent in the latter part of Autumn; whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland; hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which succeeds a clear, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd, the various-blossom'd Spring 5
Put in white promise forth, and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,

The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow,
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
 But she, too, pants for public virtue ; she,
 Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook 25
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft' thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm, while broad and brown, below, 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain :
 A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky,
 The clouds fly different, and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black, by fits, the shadows sweep along :
 A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40

Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
And all the soft civility of life :

Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite, but idle all.

Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand 55
Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year ;
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey, or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak North, 60
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost ;
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away :
For home he had not ; home is the resort 65
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along!
 A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
 His faculties unfolded, pointed out
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent and the gather'd blast; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
 Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent Wit;
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95
 Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,

And form'd a public, to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented Whole; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set 75
 Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable; nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd. 80

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art! the City rear'd,
 In beauteous pride, her tower-encircled head,
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew, 115
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew,
 To bows strong-straining her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant; the big warehouse built, 119
 Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty, and thy stream, O Thames!
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wint'ry forest, groves of masts

Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent Toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then, too, the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
 Its ample roof, and Luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvass smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming Art, imagination-flush'd. 140

All is the gift of Industry ; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ; 145
 His hardened fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste,
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,

Before the ripened field the reapers stand
 In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate, 155
 By nameless gentle offices, her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lustrous sheaves,
 While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
 And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
 And, conscious, glancing oft' on every side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, Husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
 How good the God of Harvest is to you, 170
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of Fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth:
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay save Innocence and Heaven, 180

N ij

She with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride :
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily or the mountain-snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
 Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers ;
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
 Of evening shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for Loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods,

As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was ! the generous, and the rich !
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with Autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,
 With unaffected blushes, from his gaze,
 He saw her charming ; but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ; 235
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :

" What pity! that so delicate a form,
 " By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense,
 " And more than vulgar Goodness, seem to dwell,
 " Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 " Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 " Of old Acasto's line, and to my mind
 " Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 " From whom my liberal fortune took its rise,
 " Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
 " And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd. 246
 " 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 " Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 " His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 " Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak 255
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold,
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once, 260
 Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

" And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains? 265
 " She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 " So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
 " The softened image of my noble friend;
 " Alive his every look, his every feature,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring, 270
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 " That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 " In what sequestered desert hast thou drawn
 " The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven!
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair, 275
 " Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
 " O let me now into a richer soil
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence, 280
 " And of my garden be the pride and joy!
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick 285
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
 " The fields, the master, all, my Fair! are thine, 290
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth ; yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her withered veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours ; 306
 Not less enraptured than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

Defeating oft' the labours of the year,
 The sultry South collects a potent blast.
 At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn : 315
 But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world :
 Strain'd to the root the stooping forest pours 320
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves ;
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in

From the bare wild the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd and naked to its utmost rage, 325
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide, nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force,
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste : and sometimes, too, a burst of rain, 330
 Swept from the black horizon, broad descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over-head
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens, till the fields around
 Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave. 335
 Sudden the ditches swell, the meadows swim.
 Red from the hills innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks.
 The river lift, before whose rushing tide
 Herds, flocks and harvests, cottages and swains, 340
 Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck 345
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scattered round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye Masters ! then 350

Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
 Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
 And, oh ! be mindful of that sparing board 355
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game ;
 How in his mid-career the spaniel, struck
 Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey :
 As in the fun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye,
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more ;
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
 Glanc'd just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions, and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground, or drives them wide dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song, 380
 Then most delighted when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her
 This falsely cheerful barbarous game of death;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by Necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man, 390
 Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes! our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd; the rushy fen, the ragged furze;
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath, the stubble chapt;
 The thistly lawn, the thick-entangled broom; 405
 Of the same friendly hue the withered fern;

The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook :
 Vain is her best precaution, tho' she sits 410
 Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in,
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep, 415
 In scattered sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm :
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of Game is up at once : 420
 The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy. 425

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight. 430
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind;
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the North

He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435
And plunges deep into the wildest wood.

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440

He sweeps the forest oft', and, sobbing, sees
The glades mild opening to the golden day,
Where in kind contest with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.

Oft' in the full-descending flood he tries 445
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
Oft' seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do? his once-so-vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
Inspire the course, but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.

The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish, while the growling pack, 455
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous-checkered sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase, behold, despising flight, 460
The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,

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O

And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf ! on him his shaggy foe 465
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die ;
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not. Give, ye Britons ! then,
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold ;
 Him from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge 475
 High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morals
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost,
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops,
 Rush down the dangerous steep, and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game ;
 For happy he who tops the wheeling chase,
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490

Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : O, glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of gray renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur, 495
 Depending decent from the roof, and, spread
 Round the drear walls, with antique figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side, in which, with desperate knife, 505
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
 While hence they borrow vigour ; or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chase.
 Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round,
 A potent gale, delicious as the breath 515
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.

O ij

Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520
 Of thirty years : and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon : while romp-loving mis
 Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid 530
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle, and set ardent in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart ; but earnest brimming bowls 535
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost, 541
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Mean time, with sudden interruption, loud
 'Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart ;
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul, 545
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,

The laugh, the flap, the jocund curse, go round,
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550

The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls,
So, gradual, sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,

Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seem dim and blue, the double tapers dance, 555

Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.

Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,

As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide below 560

Is heap'd the social slaughter; where astride

The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,

Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,

And sleeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.

Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565

Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,

Outlives them all, and from his bury'd flock

Retiring, full of rumination sad,

Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570

Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy

E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.

Far be the spirit of the chase from them!

Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill;

O iij

To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ; 575
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 580
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush,
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging man. 585
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
 Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress ! 590
 And, fashioned all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties : in their race 600
 To rear their graces into second life ;
 To give society its highest taste.

575 Well-ordered home man's best delight to make ;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life :
 580 This be the female dignity and praise !

Ye Swains ! now hasten to the hazel bank,
 Where down yon' dale the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array, 611
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 585 Ye Virgins ! come : for you their latest song
 The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade, 615
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree,
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk ;
 590 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair ; 620
 Melinda ! form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
 595

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 625
 Of Autumn unconfin'd, and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 600 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630

Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,
 Of tempered sun and water, earth and air,
 In ever-changing composition mixt. 635
 Such falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640
 Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue;
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer, too,
 Phillips! Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645
 With British freedom sing the British song;
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wint'ry revels of the labouring hind,
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 650

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day,
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, Dodington! thy seat, serene and plain,
 Where simple Nature reigns, and every view, 655
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs
 In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks.

Mean time the grandeur of the lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 660

New beauties rise with each revolving day,
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken and new groves to green.

Full of thy genius all, the Muses' seat,
Where in the secret bower and winding walk, 665

For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay;
Here wandering oft', fir'd with the restless thirst

Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the Book
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence, 670

Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.

Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,

Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought,
Presents the downy peach, the shining plum, 675

The ruddy, fragrant nectarine, and dark,

Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.

The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots,

Hangs out her clusters glowing to the south,

And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight

To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent,

Where, by the potent sun elated, high

The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,

Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,

Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks, 686

From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heightened blaze,
 Low bend the weighty boughs: the clusters clear,
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent; while Perfection breathes 690
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' Autumnal prime, 695
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats
 And foams unbounded with the mazy flood,
 That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy; 700
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
 The mellow-tasted Burgundy, and, quick
 As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety; but, in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense

Sinks dark and dreary: thence expanding far, 715
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
 Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
 Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray; 720
 Whence glaring oft', with many a broadened orb
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
 Objects appear, and, wildered, o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic: till at last, 725
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world, and, mingling thick,
 A formless grey confusion covers all.
 As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard) 730
 Light uncollected thro' the chaos urg'd
 Its infant way, nor Order yet had drawn
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
 These roving mists, that constant now begin
 To smoke along the hilly country, these, 735
 With weighty rains and melted Alpine snows,
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740
 Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,

Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise,
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten as they soak along :
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Tho' oft' amidst th' irriguous vale it springs,
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main it boils again
 Fresh into day, and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream! why should the waters love 755
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet and a nearer bed ?
 Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,
 They must aspire, why should they sudden stop 760
 Among the broken mountains' rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choke 765
 Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old Ocean, too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again. 770

Say, then, where lurk the vast eternal springs
 That, like Creating Nature, lie conceal'd
 745 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes?
 O thou pervading Genius! given to Man 775
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyfs,
 O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
 750 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view:
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load,
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's fullen bounds!
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus, pouring many a stream!
 O from the sounding summits of the North, 785
 The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
 760 From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Rufs 790
 Believes the stony girdle* of the world;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 765 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods,
 O sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base, 795

* The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains *Weliki Camenypis*, that is, *The great stony girdle*, because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending Mountains of the Moon * 1800
 O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !
 Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose ; 805
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !
 Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free !
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
 Strow'd bibulous above, I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The guttered rocks and mazy-running clefts,
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,
 Or stiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,

* A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all
 Monomotapa.

The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,
 And, welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them o'er the fair-divided earth 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play 835
 The swallow-people, and, tols'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feathered eddy floats, rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire.
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank, 840
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now 845
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
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Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
 The stork-assembly meets, for many a day
 Consulting deep and various ere they take
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky :
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings, 855
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 The figured flight ascends, and, riding high
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls, 860
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thulé, and the Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made ? what nations come and go ? 865
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?
 Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore, are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock
 And herd diminutive, of many hues, 870
 Tends on the little islands' verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign, or to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food,
 Or sweeps the fishy shore, or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875
 Of Luxury : and here a while the Muse,
 High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,

Sees Caledonia in romantic view :
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880
 Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth
 Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ; 885
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent-stream,
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
 With, sylvan Jed ! thy tributary brook)
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams 890
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak ;
 Nurse of a people in Misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds, soon visited
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
 • She took her western flight. A manly race, 895
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave,
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
 Great patriot-hero ! ill-requited chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ; 900
 Too much, in vain ! hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil ; 905

As from their own clear North, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected Industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain,
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
How by the finest art the native robe 915
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms 920
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
How all-enlivening Trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name, 925
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep!

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle!
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye; 930
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,

Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
 Of sulphureous War, on Tenier's dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of Peace inwreathes thy brow ;
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
 While mixt in thee combine the charm of youth, 940
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, Forbes ! too, whom every worth attends,
 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind ;
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, 945
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd,
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
 Of every hue, from wan-declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the Season in its latest view.

Mean time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955
 Fleeces unbounded ether, whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current ; while illumin'd wide,
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And thro' their lucid veil his softened force 960
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,

To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things ;
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet, 965
 To sooth the throbbing Passions into peace,
 And wooe lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
 Oft' let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And thro' the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil. 971
 Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse ;
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a full despondent flock,
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy, and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
 Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground! 985

The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf,
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
 Oft' startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 990

But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,
 Till, chok'd and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak. 995
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields,
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign: even what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree,
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
 Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild-dejected air, 1005
 The softened feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes,
 Inflames imagination, thro' the breast
 Infuses every tenderness, and far 1010
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015
 As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
 To rapture and divine astonishment;
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,

Of human race, the large ambitious wish;
 To make them blest; the sigh for suffering Worth 1020
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
 Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve:
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
 Th' awakened throb for virtue and for fame; 1025
 The sympathies of love and friendship dear,
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me, then, to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves and visionary vales,
 To weeping grottos and prophetic glooms, 1030
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep, along,
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers!
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1036
 Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land
 In countless numbers blest Britannia sees,
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of Stowe*! 1040
 Not Persian Cyrus, on Ionian's shore,
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
 By Genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious Art, that in the strife
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

And there, O Pitt ! thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,
 Or in that temple * where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods. 1051
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land,
 Will, from thy standard taste, refine her own, 1055
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
 Shall draw the Tragic scene, instruct her, thou, 1060
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks : O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
 Th' attentive Senate, charms, persuades, exalts ; 1065
 Of honest Zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :
 What pity, Cobham ! thou thy verdant files 1070
 Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,

* The temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

And long embattled hosts ! when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war; 1075
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polished robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The British Youth would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day, 1080
 And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scattered clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube descries, 1091
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing clod she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
 With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven,
 Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white, 1105
 Oft' in this season, silent from the North
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven; and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110
 And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 The appearance throws: armies in meet array, 1115
 Throng'd with aerial spears and fleets of fire,
 Till the long lines of full-extended war,
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent, and busy Frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle, cities overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame; 1125
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck

The unalterable hour : even Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130
 Not so, the man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance, beautiful and new. 1135

Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies ; all Beauty void ;
 Distinction lost ; and gay Variety 1140
 One universal blot : such the fair power
 Of Light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge ; 1145
 Nor visited by one directive ray
 From cottage streaming or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue
 The wildfire scatters round, or, gathered, trails 1150
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss,
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf ;
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife 1155
 And plaintive children his return await,

In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Sent by the better Genius of the Night,
 Innocuous, gleaming on the horse's mane
 The meteor sits, and shews the narrow path 1160
 That, winding, leads thro' pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last Autumnal day. 1165
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
 And, hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit 1170
 Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur, while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people in their waxen cells
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175
 Of temperance, for Winter poor, rejoiced
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends,
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes, 1180
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
 And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
 Intent, from flower to flower? for this you toil'd,
 Ceaseless, the burning Summer-heats away?

Q ij

For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
 O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food 1190
 Can you not borrow, and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds,
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day?
 See where the stony bottom of their town 1195
 Looks desolate and wild, with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruined state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep
 (As late, Palermo! was thy fate), is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame. 1205
 Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,
 Infinite splendour! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch

How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd,
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all 1215
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up,
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd:
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of Mirth, 1220
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225
 Darts not unmeaning looks, and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age, too, shines out, and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1231
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd, 1235
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe, 1240

Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools ! oppresses him not ?
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life 1245
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death ? what tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft' of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ? 1250
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive,
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain,
 Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
 Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd 1255
 To disappointment and fallacious hope :
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits, whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
 Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies 1261
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap,
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
 Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;

Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear. 1270
 Here, too, dwells simple Truth, plain Innocence,
 Unfulfilled Beauty, sound unbroken Youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd,
 Health ever blooming, unambitious Toil,
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease. 1275

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd on by want or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this thro' cities work his eager way, 1285
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct, and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery; let these
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race! and those of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state :

While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states, 1301
Move not the man who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year; 1305
Admiring sees her in her every shape,
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart,
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310
Into his freshened soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave, 1315
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung,
Or what she dictates writes; and oft', an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes, and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.

Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss : 1325
 The mighty tempest and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing
 O'er land and sea Imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ; 1335
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels ;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still and smiling kind. 1345
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt
 And guilty cities never knew ; the life
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man !
 Oh, Nature ! all-sufficient ! over all ! 1350
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
 Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,

World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep 1356
 Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence, the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals, and, higher still, the mind, 1360
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift:
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye,
 A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal, if the blood, 1365
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That best ambition, under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
 Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song,
 And let me never, never stray from Thee! 1371

THE SEASONS.

WINTER.

The Argument.

THE subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A wintry-evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the City. Frost. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred Gloom! 5
Congenial Horrors, hail! with frequent foot
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain, 10
Trode the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst,
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,

Till thro' the lucid chambers of the South 15
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd,

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year,
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise,

Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale,
And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar,
To swell her note with all the rushing winds, 25

To suit her sounding cadence to the floods,
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description and with manly thought.

Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30

And how to make a mighty people thrive;

But equal goodness, sound integrity,

A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul

Amid a sliding age, and, burning strong,

Nor vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35

A steady spirit regularly free:

These, each exalting each, the statesman light

Into the patriot; these the public hope

And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse

Record what Envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,

And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year,
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven the sun
 Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day. 45
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air, as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky,
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd, while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Mean time in sable cincture shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
 The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with more than melancholy views.
 The cattle droop, and o'er the furrow'd land,
 Fresh from the plough, the dun-discolour'd flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm,
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
 And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook

And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the Father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains, obscure,
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain 76
Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven 80
Each to his home retire, save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls, 85
Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping, while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,

From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far,
 Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads, 100
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till, again constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand 106
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
 That sees astonish'd, and astonish'd sings. 110

Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful Beings! say,
 Where your ærial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
 In what far-distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd, red fiery streaks 120
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising flow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125

R ij

Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shivered ray,
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies plays the withered leaf, 130
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broadened nostrils, to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land. 145
Loud shrieks the soaring hern: and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves, while from the shore,
Ate into caverns by the restless wave, 150
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice
That, solemn sounding, bids the world prepare
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,

And hurls the whole precipitated air
 Down in a torrent. On the passive main 155
 Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discoloured deep.
 Thro' the black night, that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160
 Mean time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchored navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds, across the howling waste 165
 Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head:
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts, if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns: 175
 The mountain thunders, and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight sleep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds

What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain,
 Dash'd down and scattered by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury its gigantic limbs.

Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain,
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frightened flies, and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthened air
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, uttered by the demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge Up roar lords it wide. The clouds, commix'd
 With stars swift gliding, sweep along the sky. 196
 All Nature reels: till Nature's King, who oft'
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
 Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
 And Contemplation her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying Vanities of life!

Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating Train! 210

Where are you now? and what is your amount?

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,

A scene of crude disjointed visions past,

And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215

With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of Light and Life! thou Good Supreme!

O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!

Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,

From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;

Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun

From all the livid East, or piercing North,

Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb 225

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.

Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,

And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.

Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,

At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes 230

Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day

With a continual flow. The cherished fields

Put on their winter-robe of purest white:

'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts

Along the mazy current. Low the woods 235

Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun

Faint from the West emits his evening ray,

Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping the labourer-ox 240
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
'Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
Against the window beats, then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is!
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks, 260
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.
Now, Shepherds! to your helpless charge be kind;

Baffle the raging year, and fill their penns 266
 With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict ; for from the bellowing East,
 In this dire season, oft' the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms, till, upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells.

Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darkened air,
 In his own loose revolving fields the swain
 Disaster'd stands, sees other hills ascend
 Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes 280
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror, fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which Fancy feign'd 290
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of Man ;

While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what island, unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks 305
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas ! 315
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel riot, waste; 325
 Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain:
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flames how many bleed, 330
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man!
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs! how many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
 Of misery! sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless Poverty! how many shake 340
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse, 345
 Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the Tragic Muse!
 Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 350
 In deep retir'd distress! how many stand
 Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish! Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills

That one incessant struggle render life, 350
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate; 355
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous band *
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail? 361
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans,
 Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice.
 While in the land of Liberty, the land 365
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open Freedom, little tyrants rag'd,
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth,
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed,
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep, 370
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes,
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd or bled. 375
 O great design! if executed well,

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

With patient care, and wisdom-tempered zeal,
 Ye sons of Mercy! yet resume the search,
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod, 380
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
 And lengthen simple justice into trade),
 How glorious were the day that saw these broke!
 And every man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
 And wavy Apennine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands,
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
 Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend, 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The Godlike face of Man avails him nought.

Even Beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in softened gaze, 406
Here bleeds a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.

But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrowded body from the grave, o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell, 415
Oft', rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loudthundering, down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all,
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene,
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430
To cheer the gloom. There, studious, let me sit,
And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;

Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume, and, deep musing, hail
 The sacred shades that slowly rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
 That voice of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life or death;
 Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind! 445
 Solon the next, who built his commonweal
 On Equity's wide base; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece and human-kind.
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm devoted Chief*, who prov'd, by deeds,
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front,

* Leonidas.

S ij

Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460
 Of Freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd ;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's * fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray, appears 465
 Cimon, sweet-soul'd, whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art ;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timoleon, happy temper ! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair †,
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He, too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 Phocion the Good, in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm ;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind. 485
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,

* Themistocles.

† Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

The generous victim to that vain attempt
 To save a rotten^e state, Agis, who saw
 Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train; 490
 Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly-lingering Liberty in Greece,
 And he her darling, as her latest hope,
 The gallant Philopæmen, who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain,
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd.
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who softened her rapacious sons.
 Servius the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast Republic spread. 505
 Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
 The public Father * who the private quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes. 510
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy willing victim †, Carthage, bursting loose

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith 515
 Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire command.

Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd. 520

Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
 And thou, unhappy Brutus! kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful Virtue urg'd, 525
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.

Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand: but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

Behold who yonder comes! in sober state, 530
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun—
 'Tis Phæbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
 Great Homer, too, appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side
 The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 536

Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene;
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.

First of your kind! society divine! 541

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
 See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend, 550
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart?
 For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond! thou the darling pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng! 556
 Ah, why, dear Youth! in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame
 Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name? 565
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
 Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade, with softest light, thy virtues smile?

Ah! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits, 570
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late rising from the void of night, 576
Or sprung eternal from the eternal Mind,
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds, 580
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order, fitted and impell'd 585
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage Historic Muse
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time;
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scattered states; what makes the nations smile, 590
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns,
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray 595
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul

Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
 Then, even superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life; or, snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of frolic Fancy, and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise,
 Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 615
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Mean time the village rouses up the fire,
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
 The leap, the flap, the haul; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of Riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming-fury falls; and in one gulf 635
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
 Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises, fly, the fair impartial laugh,

Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil* shew'd. 655

O thou! whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire, 660

Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life, permit the rural Muse,
O Chesterfield! to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665

Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train
(For every Muse has in thy train a place),
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind;
To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670

That elegant politeness which excels,
Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point, 675

And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects:
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,

* A character in the Conscious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.

O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening Senate, ardent, crowd 680
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild Persuasion wears;
 Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
 Th' obedient Passions on thy voice attend; 686
 And even reluctant Party feels a while
 Thy gracious power, as thro' the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690
 To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse;
 For now, behold, the joyous Winter-days,
 Frosty, succeed, and thro' the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere, and binds
 Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves 700
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
 Where sits the Soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All Nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe

Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy Fire; and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, Frost! and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret, all-invading Power, 715
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?

Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and ether? hence at eve, 720

Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft' shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career

Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice, 725
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,

Rustles no more, but to the sedge bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm, till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.

Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise, while, at his evening watch,
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief:

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T

The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope 740
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
 Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world, 745
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent Night;
 Prone from the dripping eave and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair, 750
 Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plumy wave,
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.
 On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760
 While every work of Man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport

And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care,
 Batavia rushes forth, and as they sweep,
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
 The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth, in bold contention, wheel
 The long-resounding course. Mean time, to raise 775
 The manly strife, with highly-blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
 Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day,
 But soon claps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
 Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost noon,
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785
 Or from the forest falls the clustered snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those who, with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 79

T ij

Worse than the season desolate the fields,
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid zone,
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow,
And heavy-loaded groves, and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main, 805
And cheerless towns far-distant, never blest'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay*,
With news of human-kind: yet there life glows;
Yet, cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press,
Sables of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freckt with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n snows; and, scarce his head

* The old name for China.



Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumb'ring, sullen, in the white abyfs.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows, 825
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the North,
 That see Boötes urge his trade wain, 835
 A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus * pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 Drove martial horde on horde †, with dreadful sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled South, 841
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of Lapland; wisely they

* The North-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian clans.

Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives; 845
 They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
 Their rein-deer form their riches: these their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth,
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
 Obsequious at their call the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
 Even in the depth of Polar Night, they find
 A wondrous day; enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their darting steps to Finland fairs. 865
 Wish'd Spring returns, and from the hazy South,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve,
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round his spiral course he winds,

And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season from the lakes and floods
 Where pure Niemi's * fairy-mountains rise, 875
 And fring'd with roses, Tenglio † rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They, cheerful-loaded, to their tents repair,
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race ! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power;
 In whom fell Interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice ; whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
 Of faithless Love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on beyond Tornêa's lake,
 And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
 The Muse expands her solitary flight,

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says,—" From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii than bears."

† The same author observes,—" I was surpris'd to see, upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio), roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath another sky *.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean-ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court, 895
And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving Tempest is for ever heard :
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost,
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main,
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky, 905
And icy mountains, high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps, or rushing hideous down, 910
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury, but in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void

* The other hemisphere.

Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they 920
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun!
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate*, 925
 As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glu'd
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935
 Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
 And, half-enlivened by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
 Here human nature wears its rudest form. 940
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs
 Doze the gross race: nor sprightly jest, nor song,

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-east passage.

Nor tenderneſs they know, nor aught of life 945
Beyond the kindred bears that ſtalk without.
Till Morn, at length, her roſes drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered ſavage to the chafe.

What cannot active government perform, 950
New-moulding Man? Wide-ſtretching from theſe
A people ſavage from remotest time, [ſhores,
A huge neglected empire, one vaſt Mind,
By Heaven inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal Peter! firſt of Monarchs! he 955
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her ſens,
Her floods, her ſeas, her ill-submitting ſons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he ſubdu'd,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the Man.
Ye Shades of ancient heroes! ye who toil'd 960
Thro' long ſucceſſive ages to build up
A labouring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd, till then,
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power; 965
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts,
And roaming every land, in every port
His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand
Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, of uſeful arts, 970
Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill.
Charg'd with the ſtores of Europe home he goes!

Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975
 Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before, and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the North, 980
 And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade; 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the South. Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990

Spotted the mountains shine, loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once, 995
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding-plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty North,
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000

And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep; at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, tofs'd amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, leviathan
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
 Tempest the loosened brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye, 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!

See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness ? those longings after fame ? 1035
 Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
 All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high. And see !
 'Tis come, the glorious Morn ! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth ! awakening Nature hears
 The new-creating Word, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death 1045
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly Wise ! ye blind Presumptuous ! now, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
 And Wisdom oft' arraign'd ; see now the cause
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd neglected ; why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul ; 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd

In starving solitude ; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants ; why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
Of Superstition's scourge ; why licens'd Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye Good distrest !
Ye noble Few ! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year; 10
And oft' Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft' at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll!
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast. 20
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd,

U ij

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade, 25
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed they ravish still.
But wandering oft', with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres, 30
Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring!
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal Gales! 40
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And Ye! whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye Brooks! attune, ye trembling Rills!
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong Torrents! rapid and profound; 50
Ye softer Floods! that lead the humid maze
Along the vail: and thou, majestic Main!

A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds, to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints
 Ye Forests! bend; ye Harvests! wave to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon,
 Ye that keep watch in heaven! as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies; effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye Constellations! while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65
 Great Source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write, with every beam, his praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate World, 70
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye Hills! ye mossy Rocks!
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
 Ye Vallies! raise, for the Great Shepherd reigns,
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye Woodlands all! awake; a boundless song
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela! charm

U iij

The listening shades, and teach the night His praise. 80
 Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn. In swarming cities vast,
 Assembled Men! to the deep organ join.

The long-resounding voice, oft' breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base,
 And as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove, 90
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray 95
 Ruffles the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East,
 Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge 100
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
 In the void waste as in the city full!

And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers 110
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon' orbs, and all their sons,
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still, 115
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable;
Come then, expressive Silence! muse His praise.

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